

The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XVIII.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1853.

NUMBER 11.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BROWN'S BLOCK ON MAIN-ST.
JOSEPH H. BARRETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Phelps & Stewart,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
—AND—
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE
At the office of Peter Starr, Esq.

SAMUEL S. PHELPS, Middlebury,
JOHN W. STEWART, 17,
Aug. 9, 1852. 10-11.

EDWARD F. SMITH,
Physician and Surgeon,
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.

Office in the building with Mr. Clark's
Book Store, on the same floor.
May 24, 1853. 5-11.

ADDITION
Daguerrean Gallery,
Stewart's Building, over L. J. Fuller's Store.

THE citizens of Middlebury are invited to
examine the above Daguerrean
and examine the sublimity of the
Daguerreotype Art, many of which are faithful
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and in a few seconds I will give you an oppor-
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doubt of the truth of my assertions.
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and Toys which will be sold cheap for cash at
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At Middlebury, N. H., more than all other
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IMPROVEMENT
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DAGUERREOTYPES!
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even in your own town, at Nos. 6 and 7
Building.
W. H. GILLMORE.
March 1, 1853. 45.

H. N. GATES & CO.,
STORAGE, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,
DEALERS IN
FLOUR, GRAIN & OTHER PRODUCE,
CIVIL'S FIRE PROOF WAREHOUSE,
FOOT OF SUPERIOR STREET,
H. N. GATES, 1
L. A. DAY, 2
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
By permission we refer to A. C. Chase & Co.,
Middlebury; Messrs. J. M. Stude & Co.,
Hicks & Hainaway, Boston. 44-46.

HATS.
Extra Mole skin, Sumner, Straw, and a general
assortment of Summer Hats.
May 18. 4-5. H. A. SHELDON.

MIDDLEBURY
JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT.
W. F. BASCOM, A. M., PRINCIPAL.
Messrs. A. F. Bascom, Teacher of Music.
Messrs. L. D. Strong, Teacher of English
Branches.
Messrs. C. M. Johnson, Teacher of Drawing
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Messrs. A. H. Hancock, Teacher of French.
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00. in Oil, \$6.00. 52-54.

NEW MUSIC.
NOTHER Lot, just received at
SHELDON'S.

Poetry.

TO—
BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

The broken moon lay in the autumn sky;
And I lay at the feet;
You bent above me, in the silence,
I could hear my wild heart beat.
I spoke—my soul was full of trembling fears
At what my words would bring;
You raised your face—your eyes were full of
tears
As the sweet eyes of spring.
You kissed me then—I worshipped at thy feet
Upon the shadowy roof;
O, how I loved thee! loved thee lovely cheer,
Better than fame or God!
My soul leaped up beneath thy timid looks;
What then to me were dreams,
No pain, or death I feared was a word of bliss,
I seemed to walk on thine.
And you were with me through the rushing
wheels,
Mid Trade's tumultuous jars;
And when to sleep I sought the night reveals
Her hollow glances of stars.
Before thy window as before a shrine,
I kneel now down—devoted bow;
While distant music tells with voices fine,
Measured the midnight hours.
There came a fearful moment—I was pale,
You wept and never spoke,
But clung around me as the woodland frail
Clings pleading round an oak.
Upon my wound I leaped up my soul,
And flung thee from my self;
I spurned thy love as 'twere a rich man's dote,
It was my only self.
I spurned thee! I who loved thee, could have
died,
That hoped to call thee "wife,"
And bare the gently smiting at my side
Thro' all the shocks of life!
Too late, thy fatal beauty and thy tears,
Thy vows, thy passionate breath;
I'll meet thee not in life, nor in the spheres
Made visible by death.
"I am the Way,"
Thou art the Way! I am an errant one,
That from the pleasant pastures stray alone;
After I hear the silent waters glide,
But stay alone in wretchedness and pride.
My brain is parched with summer's weary
heat,
Nor is there respite to my struggling feet;
My heart is sick to taste the cooling air,
I pant, I faint, I perish in despair!

The quiet sweetness of those happier days,
Like some brief breath upon my spirit plays,
I yield me to the false, delicious dream,
And what I was, and should be, that I seem
To be, gentle Shepherd, all the tranquil day,
The glorious accents led me in the way,
And when the night came down, all chill and
cold,
I hid me safely in thy generous fold.
Thou art the way! I'm seeking thee again,
Poor, wretched, lost, blind and cast out of men,
Dear Saviour! speak, for I have waited long;
A stranger's voice hath led me wrong.
F. C. MAYO.
J. JAMES RANKIN.

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"That will do" He then went to another side of the ground, turned again, and stepped towards another wall, and shook his head as before. He repeated this manœuvre, several times, until at last running with his nose so close to a wall that one almost rubbed against the other, he exclaimed, "I say, friends here, this way—come here. Break a place for the door there!" And without altering his position, he indicated the height and breadth exactly by feet and inches. The doorway was broken, as he wished; and he entered into the building—which had the height of a two-story house—walked up and down examining the walls and always followed by the workmen with the tools in their hands. Whenever he stopped, and called out, "a window here six feet high, four feet broad" the men immediately broke a hole at the spot pointed out by him.
I arrived at H— when the building was in this state, and it was highly amusing to see the crowds of curious persons watching the proceedings, and to hear the loud bursts of laughter which accompanied every fresh fall of bricks, and the appearance of a window where nobody had expected it. The whole of the inside of the building was finished in the same approved style, everything being done at the moment the order was given by Krespel, and after some practical trial in the manner above described. When finished, the building presented from without the most irregular and comic appearance—windows of different dimensions being placed here and there without any regard to uniformity; but within there was the greatest comfort as all who visited it could testify.
Every Tuesday, Krespel was in the habit of dining with Professor M— and at his house I hoped to meet with this singular man, to whom I had not yet spoken; but during the building of the house he had been so wholly absorbed in its construction, that he had failed in his usual visits. At my request, the Professor sent Krespel a particular invitation, but he returned for answer, that until after the fete of the inauguration of his house, he could not stir out of doors. The friends and acquaintances of Krespel expected that he would give a grand dinner: I myself hoped to be introduced by Professor M— but to the great disappointment of all, Krespel invited the master and the hands who were employed on the building, and he entertained them in a sumptuous manner, and with every delicacy in season.

On the following Tuesday, I found, to my great satisfaction Krespel at Professor M—'s. It is impossible to imagine a more unimposing exterior than that of the councillor. Stiff and awkward in all his movements, one felt afraid every moment that he would run against and injure something; but every one seemed accustomed to his manner, and the hostess did not appear in the least alarmed, when he was shifting about and walking with his heavy steps round a table covered with precious porcelain or when he took up in his clumsy hands some valuable vase and turned it round and round in order to examine it more closely. In his conversation he was passionate—almost violent, always jumping from one subject to another, and ever coming back to the first subject, and analyzing it with considerable ability and knowledge. In music he proved an exalted and perfect connoisseur.
A hare had just been consumed, and I remarked that the councillor had with great care cleaned the bones on his plate; "he then made an anxious inquiry for the hare's feet, which the servant speedily fetched, and the children immediately thronged around him. I could not imagine what was about to be done, when the removal of the cloth, the councillor took from his pocket a small table fastened it on the table, and with the greatest dexterity and quickness, he made the nicest little boxes, bales, and other playthings, which the children received with great joy and satisfaction. When the company was about leaving the table, a little piece of the Professor asked Krespel—
"Well, councillor, I had almost forgotten to ask you dear Antonio, what Krespel's next intended suddenly, and assumed the expression of a bitter and almost satanic disdain.
"Oar, our Antonio! Our dear Antonio!" he asked in a disagreeable, grating voice.
The professor quickly interfered, and I read in the reproaching look which he cast upon his niece, that she had touched upon a chord that jarred discordantly in the breast of the councillor.
"How are you getting on with the violin?" asked the professor in a more tone, taking the councillor by both hands.
At this question the cloud cleared from the countenance of the councillor. "Very well, professor," he answered with an air of satisfaction. "You know that excellent fiddle of Amati's, which I fortunately became possessed of, I have to play out it open, and I and Antonio intend to dissect it together!"
"Oh! Antonio is a good girl," replied the professor.
"Yes, that she is," answered Krespel; and turning round for his hat and stick, he quickly ran out of the door. I perceived in the mirror that his eyes were filled with tears.
Violins! Antonio! Dissection! I was quite at a loss; and as soon as the councillor had left the room, I asked for an explanation.
"You are already aware," said the professor, "that Krespel is one of the most clever violinists; he is also reputed for making the best violins that can be found; but whenever he can meet with the old violin of a celebrated master, he purchases it, dissects it—goodness knows for what purpose—and when he does not find what he is looking for, he puts the pieces away along with the ruins—already smashed—of other violins!"
"But Antonio! Antonio! What has all this to do with Antonio?" I asked the professor quickly.
"As to Antonio," replied he, "that fair is calculated to throw a shade over the character of the councillor; but I, who know well his thorough goodness of heart, would rather suppose that there is some mystery which, if cleared up, would silence every censure. When, some years ago, the councillor came to this town, he took up his abode in the dark house in S— street, where he lived alone with the exception of an old house-keeper. His eccentricities soon excited the notice and curiosity of his neighbors, but as they became used to him, they ceased to regard the roughness of his exterior and the singularity of his manner, and as he made himself useful and almost indispensable to every one, he was soon generally beloved even by children. You have yourself witnessed to-day how he has won the affections of my own children. We all considered him a bachelorette, and he said nothing to dispute this belief. After he had stayed here for some time, he suddenly departed, no one knew whether he did not return, until several months had elapsed. The evening of Krespel's return, his windows of his parlor were usually illuminated, and what most aroused the curiosity of the neighbors, was the sound of the wonderful voice of a lady, singing to the accompaniment of a piano. Every one listened with the greatest attention. Then arose the sounds of a violin, concluding in its vigorous notes with the rich sonorous voice of the singer. There could be no mistake about the person who was playing the violin; every one felt it must be Krespel. But who was the lady? I myself had mixed in the crowd which this wonderful concert had attracted before the house of Krespel, and I may declare that, compared to the voice of the unknown, whose notes entered so completely into the hearts of all, the song of the celebrated cantatrice appeared quite dull and soundless. You cannot imagine what this voice was, now swelling into louder and louder notes, and rising to the most powerful of an organ; then sinking gradually lower and lower until it expired in a breath. The crowd below was exulting; and it was only in the intervals of silence that their suppressed respiration escaped in sighs. About midnight the councillor was heard to speak loudly, violently. The voice of another man was heard, and its tone appeared uttering reproaches. At intervals, a lady was lamenting in interrupted phrases. Krespel spoke more and more violently, when a loud cry from the girl interrupted him. A dead silence ensued, and the footsteps were heard on the stairs, and the young man sobbing passionately, rushed out of the house, threw himself into a post-chaise which was standing close by, and drove away.

"The following day," continued the professor, "Krespel was unusually joyful. No one had courage to ask him about the events of the preceding night; but the housekeeper told us quite confidentially, that Krespel had brought home with him a young and singularly beautiful girl, which he called Antonio, and that it was she who had sung so wonderfully. A young man, she said, had come with them; and as he behaved very tenderly towards Antonio, she thought he must have been her lover; but the councillor obliged him to depart almost directly. Up to the present moment," continued the professor, "the nature of the connexion between Antonio and the councillor remains a mystery. He watches her as Doctor Barnaby watched his pupils; she scarcely dares show herself at the window, and whenever he chances to conduct her into society, his eyes follow her with the look of an Argus. Moreover, he will not suffer her to utter the slightest musical sound; even in his house she dares not sing any more; therefore Antonio's song of that night has become a legend; and when any popular cantatrice attempts to charm our good citizens into admiration, they think of Antonio, and exclaim, 'It is not her voice!'"

You may easily imagine the state of mind in which the professor's account put me. Always fond of the romantic, I desired nothing else than to see this queen of song, and to hear from her lips an explanation of the mysterious events of the night in question. The cavalierous ideas also came to my mind that I would deliver her from the fetters of the tyrant—for such I considered the councillor. I was anxious to know the result of his investigation, and I sought for an opportunity of speaking to him and assuming the expression of a bitter and almost satanic disdain.
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"As to Antonio," replied he, "that fair is calculated to throw a shade over the character of the councillor; but I, who know well his thorough goodness of heart, would rather suppose that there is some mystery which, if cleared up, would silence every censure. When, some years ago, the councillor came to this town, he took up his abode in the dark house in S— street, where he lived alone with the exception of an old house-keeper. His eccentricities soon excited the notice and curiosity of his neighbors, but as they became used to him, they ceased to regard the roughness of his exterior and the singularity of his manner, and as he made himself useful and almost indispensable to every one, he was soon generally beloved even by children. You have yourself witnessed to-day how he has won the affections of my own children. We all considered him a bachelorette, and he said nothing to dispute this belief. After he had stayed here for some time, he suddenly departed, no one knew whether he did not return, until several months had elapsed. The evening of Krespel's return, his windows of his parlor were usually illuminated, and what most aroused the curiosity of the neighbors, was the sound of the wonderful voice of a lady, singing to the accompaniment of a piano. Every one listened with the greatest attention. Then arose the sounds of a violin, concluding in its vigorous notes with the rich sonorous voice of the singer. There could be no mistake about the person who was playing the violin; every one felt it must be Krespel. But who was the lady? I myself had mixed in the crowd which this wonderful concert had attracted before the house of Krespel, and I may declare that, compared to the voice of the unknown, whose notes entered so completely into the hearts of all, the song of the celebrated cantatrice appeared quite dull and soundless. You cannot imagine what this voice was, now swelling into louder and louder notes, and rising to the most powerful of an organ; then sinking gradually lower and lower until it expired in a breath. The crowd below was exulting; and it was only in the intervals of silence that their suppressed respiration escaped in sighs. About midnight the councillor was heard to speak loudly, violently. The voice of another man was heard, and its tone appeared uttering reproaches. At intervals, a lady was lamenting in interrupted phrases. Krespel spoke more and more violently, when a loud cry from the girl interrupted him. A dead silence ensued, and the footsteps were heard on the stairs, and the young man sobbing passionately, rushed out of the house, threw himself into a post-chaise which was standing close by, and drove away.

"The following day," continued the professor, "Krespel was unusually joyful. No one had courage to ask him about the events of the preceding night; but the housekeeper told us quite confidentially, that Krespel had brought home with him a young and singularly beautiful girl, which he called Antonio, and that it was she who had sung so wonderfully. A young man, she said, had come with them; and as he behaved very tenderly towards Antonio, she thought he must have been her lover; but the councillor obliged him to depart almost directly. Up to the present moment," continued the professor, "the nature of the connexion between Antonio and the councillor remains a mystery. He watches her as Doctor Barnaby watched his pupils; she scarcely dares show herself at the window, and whenever he chances to conduct her into society, his eyes follow her with the look of an Argus. Moreover, he will not suffer her to utter the slightest musical sound; even in his house she dares not sing any more; therefore Antonio's song of that night has become a legend; and when any popular cantatrice attempts to charm our good citizens into admiration, they think of Antonio, and exclaim, 'It is not her voice!'"

You may easily imagine the state of mind in which the professor's account put me. Always fond of the romantic, I desired nothing else than to see this queen of song, and to hear from her lips an explanation of the mysterious events of the night in question. The cavalierous ideas also came to my mind that I would deliver her from the fetters of the tyrant—for such I considered the councillor. I was anxious to know the result of his investigation, and I sought for an opportunity of speaking to him and assuming the expression of a bitter and almost satanic disdain.
"Oar, our Antonio! Our dear Antonio!" he asked in a disagreeable, grating voice.
The professor quickly interfered, and I read in the reproaching look which he cast upon his niece, that she had touched upon a chord that jarred discordantly in the breast of the councillor.
"How are you getting on with the violin?" asked the professor in a more tone, taking the councillor by both hands.
At this question the cloud cleared from the countenance of the councillor. "Very well, professor," he answered with an air of satisfaction. "You know that excellent fiddle of Amati's, which I fortunately became possessed of, I have to play out it open, and I and Antonio intend to dissect it together!"
"Oh! Antonio is a good girl," replied the professor.
"Yes, that she is," answered Krespel; and turning round for his hat and stick, he quickly ran out of the door. I perceived in the mirror that his eyes were filled with tears.
Violins! Antonio! Dissection! I was quite at a loss; and as soon as the councillor had left the room, I asked for an explanation.
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the paper which Krespel had given to me I found one-eighth of an inch of violin string and on the paper was written—"From the quite which the late St. — put on his violin when playing his last concert."

The hope of seeing Antonio had fled from my breast. A short time after my visit to Krespel I left H—, and amid the cares and bustle of an active life, I soon forgot the councillor, the violin, Antonio's dissections, and even the one-eighth of an inch of violin-string which the councillor had presented to me.

Two years had elapsed. I was again travelling through Germany, and about to pay another visit to the town of H—. Already I was making the perfect evening air of its environs; already I perceived the high church steeples raising their heads and pointing towards the high-towered sky. As I approached nearer and nearer, I was seized by an indescribable feeling of the most painful anxiety. I feared I could hear the deep solemn notes of a funeral song booming through the still air. "What is that? What sounds do I hear?" I cried, feeling at the moment a sudden shock as if a sharp poniard had penetrated my heart.

"Why," said the postilion, "some one is about to be buried. Look in that church-yard; do you not see the procession, that the signora, when thrown out of the window, had fallen on the soft grass, and the fall had no other consequences than moral ones. Angela had become quite a different woman after the heroic act of her husband; no caprice, no whims, no fancies. The Maestro, who was composing music for her singing considered himself the happiest man under the sun, as the signora was ready to sing his composition without any alterations, which in former times he had been obliged to suffer. But there were a great many (as the friend added) for burying in silence the manner in which Angela had been cured of her caprices; as if it were known, prima donna would every day throw out of windows of uncalculated height. On hearing this account, the councillor ordered horses and threw himself into the chaise in order to hasten to Venice. But he instantly began to reflect, and said to himself: 'It is quite probable that if I appear before Angela, the evil spirit will again obtain influence over her, and as I have already thrown her out of the window, what remains for me to do in the event of her breaking another violin?' After this mental reflection, he stopped the chaises, and drove home again. He then wrote a most tender letter, styled her 'the happiest of mothers,' and remained in Germany. From that time a most tender correspondence was carried on between them; assurances of love and affection were constantly wafted from Germany to Italy, and from Italy to Germany."

Many years afterwards Angela came to Germany, and there she alone as the prima donna of the grand theatre of F—. Though she had then passed her prime, she captured every heart by the irresistible charm of her voice. Antonio was now grown up; and her mother did not tire of writing to Krespel in H—, and praising Antonio, described to him the state of a flourishing vine, the phenomenon of a mother and daughter appearing at the same moment as first-rate singers, created a great sensation in Germany. The friends of Krespel—little dreaming of the relationship in which he stood towards them—spoke of the beautiful singers in the most exalted terms, and insisted that he, as a connoisseur, should go to F—to hear the unrivalled pair. Krespel turned a deaf ear to all entreaties and remained in his home. Though perhaps he felt himself drawn towards his daughter by the instinct of paternal affection, his sentiments changed as soon as he thought of